

WALL STREET SKETCHES.

HENRY S. IVES AGAIN A "NAPOLEON OF FINANCE."

Jay Gould Said to Be Putting His House in Order in Readiness for the Final Call.

Everybody remembers dashing Henry T. Ives, the last of the Napoleons of finance, who, it seemed at one time, was dangerously near a long term of imprisonment. Well, he is out and around Wall street these days as bright and chipper as a lark on a May morning. His cherubic countenance beams placidly, his eyes snap, and he carries himself like a racer going to the post. He is as superbly groomed today as before the crash. His wardrobe must be very extensive, for he never commits the social



TO SUCCEED JAY GOULD.

error of wearing the same suit of clothing twice in one week. He is lavish in rich neckwear and jewelry. Indeed, his fingers sparkle with rings. He seems to be at peace with all the world. There is no shadow on his path.

He lunches at Delmonico's, and his office is crowded with men anxious to get a word with him. While hundreds of have-beens jostle elbows with him every day he pays no heed to the past and is constantly adding to his already large fortune, for there are not many people who do not believe that he saved a couple of millions before the law claimed him. Everything that he touches now turns to gold. He is making money more rapidly than any man in the street, and some day you will hear of him again, for he is consumed with an ambition to succeed Jay Gould as the big man of the street.

By the way, how many men have strutted about Wall street for a brief day with the same idea in mind?

There is no answer, for those once sunk in the maelstrom of Wall street speculation have no power of speech.

Perhaps Mr. Gould could tell!

Speaking of Gould, a Wall street man, one of the best informed, too, by the way, told me the other day that Gould's entire time is devoted to caring for his vast fortune, so that when death comes he will leave it in such a way that his heirs will have no trouble in the courts. Mr. Gould does not believe that he will live long, though he has no reason to think so, for there is nothing the matter with him but a torpid liver. He has a horror of death, and is putting his house in order for the hour when the grim messenger will arrive. Contrary to general belief he is not speculating in Wall street. He keeps a sharp eye on the market and may go into the street occasionally, but it is only to protect himself.

Wall street has never had but one Jay Gould, a selfish, grasping man, blind to all else but money-making, a good friend while he can use you, an unrelent-



HE KEEPS A SHARP EYE ON THE MARKET.

ing enemy if you displease him; a man of implacable hatred, he neither bends nor breaks; he never forgives or forgets; his will is of iron, a very Bismarck of finance patiently waiting for the opportune hour to strike at his enemies or those who have displeased him and then in the twinkling of an eye comes the death blow.

There is now, at this very hour, a half dozen men in Wall street, almost suffering for food writes Foster Coates to the Chicago Times. Men rich and powerful in their day, who were crushed by Jay Gould. One was a broker for the Wall street wizard. He made a fortune and sailed away in his yacht without bidding Gould good-bye, or offering to aid him with the money Gould had helped him

to make, for at that hour Gould was himself sorely pressed, and had asked his broker to assist him. Instead he sailed away to the Mediterranean. Gould got through his troubles somehow, and a year elapsed before the broker appeared on the street. Gould said nothing. He waited.

Presently the broker began to speculate. Then one day a friend of Gould's gave him a "tip." He put a large portion of his fortune on it, and in a trice it was swept away, and beyond the wreck was seen the grinning face of Gould. He was getting even. The remainder of the fortune went the same way, and in a year the broker was penniless. Every enterprise that he engaged in failed. Gould never lost sight of him, and during the last ten years when fortune has again seemed to be within his grasp the pursuit has never been given up. Today the broker is a wreck, and his wretched family is in actual want.

This is only one case. There are others, but I shall not burden you with their recital, for you may think I am a man with a grievance, when as a matter of fact I never saw Gould but once in my life. I am simply giving you a hasty glimpse of Wall street life.

There may be a better place to study human nature than the piazza of a big hotel, but if so I have never found it. Only the other day I was sitting on the piazza of one of the big hotels in Saratoga. People were passing to and fro. The show of dresses was bewildering and the glitter of diamonds dazzling in the extreme. It was after dinner. The orchestra was playing the overture from Tannhauser, and the old lady at my side in gorgeous raiment and loaded down with jewels was describing the people as they passed before us for my edification. How the dear old soul chattered! "This woman," she said, "is a widow of 50. She tries to make people believe she is only 30, yet I know she has buried two husbands and is looking for a third. She is worth a million, but temper—bless me, she's a modern Xantippe! This poor little chap married his own mother-in-law. Fact!

"See the man there! He beats his wife. And this dowdy in green had to pay for her husband. Her father was wealthy, but no one would marry her, so finally the old gentleman announced that he would give \$100,000, a house on Fifth avenue, and a three months' trip to Europe to the man who became her husband, and the men were tumbling over each other, so eager were they for her smiles. She selected the best looking one—yes, that's he—that fellow in faultless evening dress—a perfect Apollo, isn't he?—well, that's her husband, and he's a banker now. Love? Nonsense!



THE OLD LADY AT MY SIDE.

Money! This woman in blue is married, she says, but no one has ever seen her husband. This man with a big diamond ring was a waiter in Delmonico's once, when a pretty girl fell in love with him. They ran away together, lived abroad for five years in poverty, but now they are reconciled with the old folks and the ex-waiter is a member of his father-in-law's firm.

"Observe that pretty little girl. Her mother broke her heart because her husband fell in love with the child's nurse. They were married three months after the poor woman was buried. And see

But I didn't. I excused myself and ran off, for I believe the poor old soul knew more than any of Cæsar's Superintendent Porter's men, and she had hardly warmed up to the subject when I left her.

The Ocean's "Under-Tow."

Doubtless we have all heard a good deal about this "under-tow," as though it were some mysterious force working from the recesses of a treacherous ocean to draw unwary bathers to their doom. As a matter of fact its presence is obviously natural, and the explanation of it more than simple. As each wave rolls in and breaks upon the beach, the volume of water which it carries does not remain there and sink into the sand; it flows back again, and, as the succeeding wave breaks over it, the receding one forms an under-current flowing outward of strength proportionate to the body of water contained in each breaker, and, again, proportionate in a great measure to the depth of the ditch. Where this latter is an appreciable depression, it can be readily seen that the water of receding waves will flow into it with similar effect of that of water going over a fall, and that a person standing near is very likely to be drawn over with it, and thus, if the ditch is deep enough, carried out of his depth. This is all there is to the much-talked-of "under-tow" and the numerous accidents laid to its account.—*Duffield Osborne, in Scribner's.*

Oregon expects an addition of 150,000 to its population this year by immigration.

HOW TO CLEAN HOUSE.

SOME MEN CAN HIRE THE WORK DONE AND OTHERS CAN'T.

Not One Unfortunate Head of a Family Was Lured Into Attempting the Task Himself.

Did you ever clean house? Not then you have never lived. Not that the pleasure derived from the actual work is so excruciatingly funny that you cannot get along without it, but the relief when the last tack is driven and the last piece of furniture placed is a thing that can only be experienced by one who has gone through the mill. Carlton, the poet, once said:

But one thing's settled with me—
To appreciate heaven well
It's best to give a man
Some fifteen minutes of hell.

And so, to appreciate all there is in this nineteenth century civilization of ours, one must go to work at the bottom and build it up from the chaos in which housekeepers always seem to take such fiendish delight.

For weeks the wife of your sorrows has said: "We will clean house Monday," and you have been led to think it a little, trivial thing, not worth worrying about, and so have not hired a man to do the heavy work, because there seems to be no heavy work to do. But at last the fatal moment comes, and you can escape no longer. You are asked, with all the sweetness of an invitation to peaches and cream, if you will help with the stove before you go downtown, and in a moment of weakness you



THAT CONFOUNDED STOVE.

consent. Then you are lost, even more effectually than the woman who hesitates. Once the stove is out you see the zinc on which it rested is easy to remove, and that comes next. The tacks have all been drawn from the carpet by your wife, whose forehead shows an enormous height, and then, while you are at it, you can so easily help them roll the carpet together and carry it out to the back yard so that the man who is expected every minute can beat the dust out of it to his heart's content. Of course, he never comes, and when you have carried the parlor chairs out to the laundry, and found you had missed the train, you go at it yourself, and thump away for half an hour at the dust you were all winter treading in. Then you are hot and all out of patience, and when you go in the house for a glass of butter-milk, and find the woman who was to have come is as far away as is the man servant, you grow desperate, get a mop and bucket, turn up your trousers and fall to work. From then on it is you and your wife for it. No one ever found an alien assistant when there was a house to clean.

Bedsteads have to be set out in the shade and mattresses have to be hung in the sunshine; and when you have wrestled with one of those latter abominations you feel that Evan Lewis and his strange hold would be an easy and welcome thing in comparison. You are allowed to wash the woodwork in the



GRAND AND LOFTY TUMBLING.

parlor while the man hangs the paper in the bed-rooms, and when he is half done he warbles a complaint that there is not enough paper to go around. So you have to slick up a bit and go half a mile to the store for another roll, only to find when you get there that the merchant has no more of that exact pattern, but would be glad to fill your order from anything else in the shop. By the way, did anybody ever find a match for wall paper already purchased?

The upshot of it all is that you buy a new outfit, pay the cash and carry it home, and are told when you get there that your wife has concluded to have the room calcimined, anyway. You can either swear and be a brute or hold your temper and be a saint—just as you like. Being a man, you choose the latter—clean house and say nothing.

One of the carpets has to be ripped and sewed over, and while you are busy with such little things as going without your dinner, lifting two-ton bureaus and full-length mirrors, carrying out wardrobes and base burners, that amiable woman, with a ragged calico dress on, sits down in the midst of the litter and sews like a Trojan. She tells you what a lot of lovely new things Mrs. Blank is going to get for her parlor, and harries you into promising a good deal better



THEN COMES THE REWARD.

outfit, even though you know your salary is already overdrawn. You blister knees and knuckles scrubbing the floor, and fall from the step-ladder while trying to brush the dust from the ceiling. You knock the little statuettes from the brackets where they had gained a residence, and in a fit of impatience at pounding your thumb throw the hammer through the largest window pane in the house. You tear your clothes on nails that were never revealed before, and cut both hands on the butcher knife while struggling to prepare a lunch. Your ravenous appetite can find nothing but husks of a better living to feed upon, and not many even of them. A tailor comes and presents his bill, which he claims is due and has long been in that condition, and in the face of proof so positive you cannot for a moment make your wife understand where all the money goes to.

When you have lived through three days of this sort of agony, going to bed at midnight, only to rise with a mid-summer dawn, you find the house is cleaned and the things that were so hard to move out can now be moved in again. Though bruised and broken in body and spirit, you are still in the ring, and come up to the scratch with a readiness that would disqualify you for the prize ring any day in the week. Not a man, woman or child has appeared to help you, and it seems that neither love nor money can induce them to sell an hour's labor. The ice man stands on the back step of his wagon and laughs as you strain every muscle of your body escorting dray-loads of furniture to their places in the house, and even the neighbors stop and ask you how you like it. They tell your wife on the quiet that she is fortunate, but she knows that and always has. You struggle through the setting up of stoves, the jointing of pipes and the stretching of stubborn carpets, and you swear when it is all over that you will never, so long as reason maintains her throne in your distracted globe—never clean house again.

But then comes the reward. Then comes the victory. The consciousness that you may pass a stove without being asked to lift it; that not one of the tables or chairs or bureaus needs moving for another year—and that you may manage to die before that time. All these things are sweet and soothing to the tired soul and the more than bruised and broken body. You may now sell what was once your Sunday suit to the old clothes man and sit down in perfect peace to a meal of victuals cooked in the ordinary way. You may go to bed at the proper hour and not feel in your heart of hearts that really you ought to be up and fixing things so that there will be less to do to-morrow. You have earned your reward, and if you are wise you will never allow any woman to beguile you into such an indiscretion again. Henceforward you swear you would rather live in comfortable dirt than in the cleanest house that was roofed over—provided you have the cleaning to do yourself.—*Chicago Herald.*

Helen Hunt's Grave.

Weending our way through that grand fissure in the rocks, called Chocoma Canon and ascending the nine flights of stairs to the top of the "Seven Falls," a guide board directed our path and after some steep climbing, we stood beside the grave of that noble woman.

It was here that she used to come to think and to write, here she spent many of her Sabbaths.

"This spot is my church," she said to a friend, "and it is here that I wish to be laid." And so on the summit of Chocoma Mountain, beneath summer sun and winter snows, she lies—alone.

No monument marks the spot, but the grave is heaped high with small stones which visitors have laid upon it. For each stone taken, for souvenirs, one or more is replaced by the person who takes it. Hundreds of these have their names or some admiring sentiment of the giver written upon them.

I have heard (but can not vouch for the truth of it) that when she requested to be buried there she also made the request that those who visited her grave should lay a stone upon it. It was an old whim, I think, but one that has been faithfully honored.

It is a lovely spot and the surrounding scenery is solemnly grand, and still that isolated grave, in its loneliness, seemed very sad to me, and I turned with a sigh and slowly and thoughtfully retraced my steps by the same path which she so often had trod.—*Cor. Woman's Tribune.*

The electric battery has superseded the hose and cold water treatment for taming refractory prisoners in the Ohio penitentiary. It is reported to be very efficacious.

WINGED MISSILES.

The number of Italians in New York city is roughly estimated at 45,000.

Berliners may be a little slow, but they have buried all their telephone and telegraph wires.

A Toronto paper figures out that the drunkards of that city lost \$191,683 in wages last year.

The English never much liked the Scotch, yet it is said there are more Scotch in London than in Edinburgh.

There is an old and widespread notion that the mirrors must be removed from a room in which a corpse is lying.

Dr. Brown-Sequard claims that his elixir has cured intermittent fever, neuralgia, rheumatism, insomnia and leprosy.

England is not much of a wheat producer. Seven out of every eight loaves of bread eaten in London are made from foreign wheat.

In England Gladstone is the "grand old man," and they call John Morley "the grand young man." They are both worthy of their titles.

Dublin has not been neglectful in providing pleasure grounds for her people. It has more parks than any other city in the United Kingdom.

It is said that in the river approach to Lake Nicaragua and in the lake itself are to be found what are said to be the only fresh-water sharks known.

The mines along the Union Pacific Railway now produce over 1,400,000 tons of coal annually, and the owners are preparing for a much larger output.

Lovely woman and noble man have been expressed in scientific qualities. They are the constructive and the destructive elements in the protoplasmic environment.

Auguste, a picker-up of cigar ends, has just died in Paris, leaving behind him the respectable sum of 100,000 francs, which, it is narrated, he amassed from his occupation.

A San Francisco undertaker has fitted up a large and handsome funeral parlor where funerals may be held. It is intended to meet the needs of families who live in hotels.

Nearsightedness is overrunning the French people as well as the Germans. Among the senior boys in the different French colleges more than 45 per cent are nearsighted.

The high rate of mortality among the shop girls in the monster shop of Paris, 6 per cent, is largely due to premature vital exhaustion from being unable to sit down throughout the day.

Think of living for thirty-one years as the guest of the same hotel. That is the record made by a boarder in the New York Fifth Avenue Hotel, who has been there continuously since August 27, 1859.

Four tame ducks have cost the county of Cascade, Mont., about \$300 owing to cross suits among neighbors for trespass, perjury and threats of bodily harm. One of the men has been sent to the penitentiary.

Men and women who write ought to be more careful. It is estimated that 200 letters are delayed or miscarried because of the similarity of the name Washington the state and Washington the capital of the nation.

At Amherst, N. S., recently Rev. Dr. Hartley lost a valuable ring. He advertised but got no tidings until a dream revealed to him the fact that the ring was under his bed, and he found it on one of the slats.

One of the largest forests in the world stands on ice. It is situated between Ural and the Okhotsk Sea. A well was recently dug in this region, when it was found that at a depth of 116 metres the ground was still frozen.

There is some prospect that New York will have a state park in the Adirondacks. It is proposed that a reservation of about twenty-five miles square be taken, comprising 1,000,000 acres, the same to include Raquette Lake.

In Ansonia, Conn., the other day three Chinamen entered a street car, and when the conductor came for fare one of the Celestials gave his head a turn and a jerk and dropped three nickels from his ear into the conductor's hand.

Pecan nut growing is one of the rising industries of the gulf states. After the trees begin to bear they involve no labor or expense, and yield, it is said, an income of \$500 to \$1,000 per acre, according to the quality of the nut.

A French attorney was writing out a brief. He was in splendid health, only forty years old, and was writing rapidly, when all at once he stopped, and from that moment could not tell his own name. Memory went out from him like a flash of lightning.

In the United Kingdom 20,000,000 hens lay an average ninety eggs each per annum, of which ten are reserved for hatching. It follows that the home product is 1,600,000,000, which, added to the number imported, gives 2,700,000,000 or seventy-three per inhabitant.

Hair is not only strong, but it is elastic. Many men can testify to this physical fact, but some curious experimenter says: "A single hair can support a weight of two ounces, and is so elastic that it may be stretched to one-third of its entire length, and then retain its former size and condition."

In Moscow may be seen in the streets any day a beggar who was, a few years ago, one of the richest men in the city. His father left him \$7,500,000, but he gambled it all away. He cared literally for nothing but gambling, and if he had the money again he would lose it once more in the same way.

German teachers are so poorly paid that the number is being reduced to an inconvenient extent and in the coming session the Prussian landtag will have to take the matter in hand. After a preparation of five years the teacher finds a position which pays about \$150 a year less than any trained artisan may obtain.